

Sycamore Leaves

a-ha

Can't stop thinking 'bout it
It fills me with unease
Out there by the roadside something's buried
Under sycamore leaves

Wet grounds, late September
The foliage of the trees
I came upon this feeling that someone's lying
Covered by sycamore leaves

And I could never make it
And I could never see
And I could never break out
And shake it's grip on me